

SOTTO VOCE.

THE *Tribune* talks about the "royal reception" given to newly arrived prisoners at the Penitentiary, by the other inmates, and forthwith describes the mock hanging of John Aird, lately incarcerated there in default of the payment of a fine. We would like to ask Marshal Ireland how far he thinks the dignity of his office is subserved by allowing such disgraceful proceedings to take place in the institution of which he has charge? Is it his way of getting out of his prisoners the full maximum of the penalty which he thinks has not been inflicted by the courts? Is it not enough that decent men (for there are such in the Penitentiary at the present time) are compelled to associate, eat and sleep with thieves, cut-throats and murderers without being forced to endure, helplessly, any indignity they may see fit to put upon them? Let us hope, for the sake of decency and humanity, that these outrages, committed upon helpless prisoners and gloated over by the devilish *Tribune*, will be put a stop to. If Marshal Ireland and his aids are worthy of the positions they hold, they will see that this is done, regardless of the criticisms of the *Tribune* ruffians upon their merciful and manly course.

MARSHAL IRELAND, it would appear, might study the code of rules at the City Jail with considerable profit to himself; it is but a few days since one ragamuffin who was confined there knocked another prisoner off a keg; the ragamuffin was promptly brought before Judge Speer and given ten days additional time to his sentence. If Marshal Ireland would adopt some such methods among his pretty jail birds, we think the disgraceful proceedings in the Aird case would not be of frequent recurrence.

WE HAVE not much sympathy for this fellow Aird, we may say, who is a man who lost his position through drink, and has been known to indulge in the pastime of wife beating very frequently. But when we read in the *Tribune* the infamous details told with more infamous glee, concerning his being pulled up by a rope about his neck by the 100 convicts in the Pen., we could not help thinking of a poor hard working woman who, despite all Aird's faults, has still clung to him, loved him, toiled for him as only such a woman can love and toil for a worthless husband. She is a clean, neat, very industrious body who lives on Heber's Bench, and who has the utmost sympathy and respect of her neighbors. We once conversed with her in the Commissioner's office, when Aird's first wife had preferred the charge against him. Her grief was then most earnest and profound. What her despair must have been on hearing of the details of her husband's "initiation," we leave Marshal Ireland to imagine.

THE COUNTENANCES of Messrs. Dickson, Varian and McKay, on issuing from the Tabernacle yesterday, passed rapidly through the various stages of blanched white, a myrtle green, with all the shades between the two until the trio reached Main street, when their color resumed its normal condition of Blue Grass Bourbon with Old Crow trimmings.

"THE PEOPLE of this Republic do not propose to have European history repeated on our soil"—*Tribune*. Let us hope that for once the *Tribune* is not lying. Let us hope that "the people of this Republic" are not fairly represented by the unscrupulous wretches who call themselves the "American gentlemen" of Utah, and that the European tactics of Torquemada, Jeffreys and their ilk, now employed in the prosecution and punishment of the unpopular "Mormons" will be, before it is too late, torn from the pages of American history by the indignant hand of American patriotism. If the *Tribune* and its treasonable crew could have their way, American history would be nothing but a lurid, blood-stained copy of European annals in the darkest days of Inquisitorial cruelty.

MIGHT Commissioner McKay, with propriety be referred to as an instance of the "survival of the fittest?"

"THEY ARE arresting everyone they can find now-a-days who has a couple of old ladies for his wives," said a Godbe's corner wag the other day. "I don't see why they leave George A. Meears alone so long."

"How's that?" inquired a bystander. "Why, he keeps a couple of the belles of the town, don't he?"

MR. W. is a peaceable man who lives somewhere in the region back of Blue Blood Avenue, devoting most of his time to solving problems concerning the patent hatching of blooded hens. He lately had the misfortune to be called on the Cannon jury, but strangely omitted to mention the circumstance to his wife. He was on top of his chicken coop the other morning, engaged in shingling the roof, when he was partially paralyzed by feeling a five pound rock strike him in the small of the back. Looking around aghast, he discovered his wife on the ground, the baby on one arm, the morning's *HERALD* waived in the air by the other.

"You believe its right for a man to have more than one living and undivorced wife do you?" she cried. "Come down here and I'll show you whether you do or not!"

THE *Tribune* says John Aird knows who killed the murderer of Marshal Burt, and that he will "peach" if the city officers don't come to his rescue. This is either sheer imbecility or downright lying, and if anyone but the *Tribune* had said it, we should say it was the former.

IN ANOTHER column, to-day, will be found a description of the proceedings in the case of Dickson vs. Carney; an attempt has been made to write the item with a grave countenance, but we fear most people will regard it as very pumpkinish, and partaking largely of the nature of those moves which are sometimes made for "effect."

THE AUTHORITY of the indecent and scandalous doggerel which the newsboys have vended on the streets recently, need no longer be questioned, as each

mention of the prosecution against Mr. Royal Barney and Miss McMarrin that appears in the *Tribune* evinces a familiarity with the obscene production that tells more plainly than the affidavit of the most truthful man on its premises, that the lecherous skunk who penned it hides his craven identity within the unhallowed walls of that self-same den of filth.

It is amusing to note with what unanimity the *Tribune* fellows refer to themselves and their ilk as gentlemen. A mere reference to the matter might be pardoned or considered in the light of any other casual remark of the *Tribune*—doubtful; but the energy with which they insist upon foisting the erroneous appellation upon themselves places them in the ridiculous light of being somewhat uncertain that their friends and readers of their transparent screeds regard them in any such light. If another newspaper hits the *Tribune* some hard licks or worse it in a discussion—a thing requiring but little effort—that other newspaper is warned to go slow before attacking "gentlemen." A late instance of this kind was seen recently. An altercation between the *Tribune* and a contemporary occurred wherein it was demonstrated from the evidence of a reputable citizen that a representative of the *Tribune* had been threatening blackmail; but instead of refuting the charge, the virtuous editor posed on his hypocritical ear and advised his opponent not to seek to blacken the reputation of "gentlemen." Our contemporary may rest content in the knowledge that it cannot do that, since black is the native color of the animal; but even if it were possible to make the reputation of every editor on the premises blacker than it already is, the reputation of no gentleman would be materially affected by the process.

THE ENTHUSIASM which fired those present yesterday afternoon at the Tabernacle, was deftly demonstrated during the benediction by Mr. O. I. Whitney, when an aged father created some little consternation in his immediate vicinity by violently clapping his hands and shouting, "Hear! hear!"

"THE DECLARATION sets Murray up just right," said an old timer yesterday after the mass meeting. "I concur in everything it charged upon him, but there was one important omission that President Cleveland ought to know and which would cook the Governor's goose if Cleveland is the man I think he is. The son of a gun parts his hair in the middle."

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MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

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H. B. CLAWSON.
Salt Lake City, April 22, 1885.

[REFERRING TO ABOVE NOTICE.]

J. W. SANDERS & CO.,

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Also have on hand a Stock of Wagons, Agricultural Implements, etc., which will be sold for cash at very low prices. Place of business at H. B. Clawson's Old Stand, 17 and 19 W. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City.
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